## SERMON REPORTERS.

**In English Churches They Are Only Admitted on Sufferance.**

Some one who evidently speaks from knowledge writes in the Homiletic Review of "The Experiences of a Sermon Reporter." His remarks on the different rules in English and American newspapers on sermon reporting and his statement that it is necessary to verify Scriptural texts are not without interest. Possibly there is a text for a sermon not preached by the preachers in the following paragraph:

Reporters are invariably welcomed to American churches, for American preachers seem fully alive to the value of the advertisement obtained through newspaper notices. Some preachers even maintain their own "press agent" in order to secure the utmost publicity for the occasionally brilliant and, it may be, eccentric statements which they deliver. In English churches the reporter is only admitted on sufferance. Under an ancient law, which has never been repealed, the taking of shorthand notes of sermons is a misdemeanor characterized as "brawling" and punishable by imprisonment. In a few American churches special desks are available for reporters. They are, in any case, treated with the utmost courtesy by the ushers and provided with seats immediately below the pulpit. On a rare occasion in a crowded church a reporter has been allowed to seat himself on the pulpit steps, and on one extraordinary occasion it is recorded that a stenographer was concealed within the pulpit itself.

## A VAST STONY WRECK.

**The North Cape, in Norway, Is Almost the World's End.**

The North cape, Norway, is not quite the most northerly land in Europe, but it is far enough north, a dismal black point jutting out into the sea nearly a thousand feet high. Leading to the top is a rough path not difficult to ascend unless it be wet and slippery. From the top to the edge of the cliff is a half mile or more of hard walking over stones or through mire.

At last we come to the edge of the cliff. The sun, though it is nearly 12 o'clock, has almost reached the lowest edge of his daily path, but is still far above the shimmering sea. You stand on that lonely point feeling, except for the presence of those around you, that you are quite out of the world in which you have hitherto spent your life. You stand without on a rock pelted by every storm of wind and snow. Attacked by the fiery summer sun and pitiless winter frost, no wonder that neither tree nor shrub nor scarce a flower can exist. Among the most solemn places on the globe it must be reckoned the world's end, a vast stony wreck projecting above the wide waste of waters.—Albert L. Bolls in Booklovers Magazine.

**An Eccentric Painter.**

William Willard, well known as the painter of Massachusetts' governors, was very eccentric in his ways. His special aversion was the attempted purchase of his many old relics of furniture by people of wealth. A New York woman visiting in the vicinity of Sturbridge, hearing that the old artist possessed a beautiful colonial mirror and a rare clock, tried to buy them. Mr. Willard seemed to readily agree to the sale, but when asked when it would be convenient to have them packed replied, "Not until after the funeral." "Whose funeral?" asked the visitor. "Mine," replied Mr. Willard, with a chuckle.

**A Double Presentation.**

John Kendrick Bangs once ran across a gift copy of one of his books in a secondhand bookshop, still having this inscription on the fly leaf: "To his friend, J. G., with the regards and the esteem of J. K. Bangs, July, 1899." Mr. Bangs bought the copy and sent it to his friend again with a second inscription beneath, "This book, bought in a secondhand bookshop, is re-presented to J. G. with renewed and reiterated regards and esteem by J. K. Bangs, December, 1899."

**The Same Thing.**

"What makes you think you have great business ability?" laughed the successful business man. "Why, you've never made a dollar!"

"But you forget, dear," replied his energetic wife, "that I made you!"—Detroit Free Press.

## TOBACCO HEART.

**The Way Smoking Acts Upon and Injures the System.**

Are you "learning to smoke," boys? Learning by heart—"tobacco heart?" Read what a doctor says in the Medical Summary and then enjoy your smoke—if you can:

In smoking tobacco we take in carbonic oxide, several ammonias and a very poisonous oil containing nicotine. The ammonias and nicotine are the substances which by acting in numerous directions are so injurious to the system. The ammonias act on the blood, making it alkaline and fluid, thereby impairing its nutritive property.

The stomach is debilitated and dyspepsia induced. The innervation of the heart is disturbed, its action is weak, irregular and intermittent, and faintness and vertigo are the consequences.

Owing to the disturbances in the blood and heart the process of nutrition is slow, and in the young seriously affected tissue is paralyzed and vision is impaired.

Tobacco is essentially a functional rather than an organic poison. It modifies the special energies and not the structure. Tobacco is eliminated by the kidneys and very rapidly; consequently the bad effects quickly disappear under proper treatment if, however, the habit is given up.

**Japanese Painting.**

The Japanese, with their natural, unsophisticated view of life, have ever sought in their art to mirror what a great painter and critic has termed "men's primordial predilections." Art, however, that seeks to embody pleasures founded on the unchanging properties of human nature must have a past as well as a future, must be able to look backward as well as forward. Not one's life labor, but that of many generations, is required. No people have better understood this than the Japanese. They have also clearly perceived that no art that is not true to the changeless element in man can endure, while, on the other hand, any subject, however trivial, can be made eternally attractive if only treated in accordance with aesthetic law.

Japanese painting delights us by its delicate fancy, its poetry, its freedom, its spirit, but what gives these qualities special and enduring charm, what makes the play of fancy never wearisome, the liberty never mere license, is that they find expression in and through a framework of design so finely conceived that in it we see reflected as in a mirror the fundamental principles which govern all true art.—W. M. Cabot in Atlantic.

**Power of Fashion.**

Though we can neither tell whence fashion comes, nor how, nor what it will do next, nor why it was yesterday one thing, today is something else and tomorrow will be different, nor why it always has been, is now and probably always will be obeyed, it moves steadily forward into that realm of common sense where beauty and utility blend in perfect harmony and ever keeps step with the progress of civilization and culture. No garment can please the man of refined and cultivated taste, however correct it may be in fit, however well it may be tailored or however excellent the materials may be of which it is made, unless it is fashionable, even though it violates no law of art and of itself is a thing of beauty, for without that indescribable something that only fashion can give it is like a flower without fragrance or a tune without music.—Sartorial Art Journal.

**Two Tales of Macready.**

It is not always well to strut and fret one's little hour upon the stage too realistically. Macready, who threw himself into his acting heart and soul, used to tell funny stories about the effect of his easy, colloquial manner upon the players collected for his company in small provincial towns. Once in the play of "William Tell" he turned to one of these stupid rustics and put the question, "Do you shoot?" so naturally that the man was quite thrown off his guard, and, to his horror, replied, "A little, sir, but I've never had a go with one of them crossbows." Another time in "Virginius" he asked, "Do you wait for me to lead Virginia in, or will you do so?" only to be greeted unexpectedly by the actor who played Icilius with, "Why, really, sir, I don't care; just as you like it in London."

**Bluebeard.**

"Who was the original Bluebeard?" asks a writer in the London Chronicle. He continues: "We owe the familiar Bluebeard of the pantomime to Charles Perrault, the Frenchman who published in 1696-97 his immortal stories of 'Bluebeard,' 'The Sleeping Beauty,' 'Little Red Riding Hood' and 'Cinderella.' But it is very uncertain who, if anybody, was Perrault's model for Bluebeard. Some have supposed that it was our Henry VIII., others that the tale is a lampoon upon the castle lords of knight errantry days in general. Perhaps the favorite candidate has been Gilles de Rais, marshal of France, who was hanged and burned in 1440 for an awful series of crimes. During fourteen years he was believed to have kidnaped about 150 children, tortured them, sacrificed them to the devil, burned their bodies and buried their bones in his castle grounds. But the resemblance between his tale and Bluebeard's is too slight to be convincing."

**An Unmarried Widow.**

It would appear that the standard of happiness of at least one African widow in Manhattan had reached high water mark, judging by this advertisement published a few days ago:

Widow, colored, age 34, with high school training, vocalist, excellent cook, desires a husband same age or younger; awful extremely fair, clean, sober, moral and never been married. Address WIDOW.

The following personal, printed in a metropolitan newspaper the other day, deserves a class by itself:

A European gentleman wishes to meet an American who is the typical daughter of all that is most admirable in our age; one gifted with the bold frankness of understanding, the enthusiasm of expectancy, the merry cheerfulness of superiority, the psychical and physical alertness of those of tomorrow; the worldly independence of this optimist must be duplicated; view, matrimony.

FESTINA LENTE.

—New York Press.

**Knives For Brides.**

The custom of giving knives to brides was formerly a common practice, when it was fashionable for women to wear knives sheathed and suspended from their girdles. A wedding offered an opportunity of presenting something novel or ornamental in the cutlery line, and frequent reference such presents occurs in the plays of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In the "Witch of Edmonton," 1648, for instance, the bride is described as wearing "the new pair of Sheffield knives, fitted to one sheath." A list of trinkets usually worn by ladies about 1500 includes girdles, knives, purses and pin cases. In Dekker's "Match Me In London," 1631, the bride says to her jealous husband:

"See, at my girdle hang my wedding knives;
With these dispatch me."

**Indignation.**

Law Notes relates that Albert E. Pillsbury, former attorney general of Massachusetts, on visiting the birthplace of Horace Greeley in Amherst, N. H., noticed that there was no placard about the place to inform the public of its historical interest. Accordingly he himself tacked on the house a card which read: "This is the birthplace of Horace Greeley." While he was engaged at this task a passing native paused to read the card, and, turning to Mr. Pillsbury, he remarked with some acidity: "The gall of some of you fellers that hev made money in the city is fairly sick'nin'. What do you suppose folks here care whether you was born on this farm or some other farm. There's my sentiments, Mr. Greeley, and don't you forgit it!"

**Baking Watches.**

"I will be with you in a moment. I must finish the baking of this batch of watches first."

The speaker was a jeweler. He said as he worked:

"I suppose you are surprised at the idea of watch baking. I will explain. The machinery of a watch is delicate, yet it must work the same in winter as in summer, the same in Russia as in Cairo, the same in the Sahara as in Iceland. There is only one way to accomplish this—the watch must be regulated to heat and cold.

"I am regulating these watches to heat. Afterward, in a refrigerator, I will regulate them to cold. Then when they go out in the world they won't disgrace themselves in any climate. Chronometers must be regulated more carefully than watches. They are often kept for weeks in temperatures that are now zero and now 120 degrees."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

## BREAKING TRAIL.

**In the Frozen Wilderness It Is the Meanest of All Tasks.**

To break trail is to pack with your snowshoes the soft and uncrusted snow into a more solid path, so that the dogs and toboggans may be brought forward to where you can make camp. Even the snowshoes, two feet in width, sink a foot or eighteen inches at every step. The snow crumbles and piles in on top of the web so that you have to tear each step with a wrench and a kick and a cloud of frozen white. You go forward, you rest, you go forward again, forcing your way laboriously through no one can say how many feet of snow. The weariness enters into the very marrow of your bones. The snowshoe strap moves back and forth just enough across the moose hide moccasins to gall the foot to the flesh of the toes; the muscles across the instep ache with knifelike cuts with every step as you lift the heavy weight of snow that covers the shoe out of sight.

I remember the first day we stopped midway across the lake to rest. The guides dropped the tumpline from the forehead to their shoulders, cut some tobacco from a plug, rubbed it between their hands and filled short, black pipes. The dogs lay flat on the snow and bit and chewed at the solid lumps of ice that had gathered on the paws. With the handle of my ax I scraped from my snowshoe the frozen masses of ice that gathered under my moccasins and were wearing blisters on my feet. We rested here only a few minutes, and then the bitter cold drove us on again, for no man dares to stop long in such a temperature.

This breaking trail is very picturesque to an outside observer. Oftentimes afterward when, unincumbered, I had gone on ahead I would stop and turn and watch the guides—black pygmies struggling through the boundless stretch of white with their heavily loaded toboggans in great clouds of snow. With their shoulders thrust forward and their heads bent to the trail they would swing along at an even stride across the level expanse of frozen snow, broken only by the thin line of trail stretching behind them off into the distance and by the many still narrower tracks of the fox criss crossing here and there on the smooth surface. —Scribner's.

**A Maid of Honor.**

The late Lady Bloomfield was a maid of honor and published a book of reminiscences relating some very intimate incidents of her years at court. The result, the London correspondent of the Manchester Guardian tells, was that the queen forbade her ladies to keep diaries while they were in waiting, and from that rule grew one of the neatest repartees that the heart of the professional diarist could desire. A young lady who had just been appointed a maid of honor was receiving congratulations at a party, and her host said, "What an interesting journal you can keep!" The girl told him that journal keeping was forbidden, and the answer was, "But I think I should keep one all the same." "Then," said the girl, "whatever you were you would not be a maid of honor."

**Equal to the Occasion.**

Chauncey Depew once dined with three ladies in a New York restaurant. He was so entertaining that one of the ladies plucked up courage and during dessert leaned over and tapped the diplomat on the arm and with an affectation of shyness said: "Mr. Depew, let us pretend that you are the shepherd Paris, I am Minerva, Mrs. Blank is Venus and Miss Blank is Juno. Now, you must give this golden apple to the fairest." So saying, she handed him an orange. Depew did not wait an instant, but, turning in his chair, called the waiter. "Waiter," he said, "bring me two more oranges."

**His Chance.**

He (moodily)—Ah, tell me truly, is there anything that hasn't been said already on the subject of love? She (softly)—Probably not, but I am sure, very sure, indeed, everything on the subject hasn't been said to me.—Puck.

**The Difference.**

Tim—I'm feeling fine this morning, I was up with the lark. Jim—I'm not feeling so fine this morning. I was up with the lark last night.—Detroit Free Press.

An excess of levity is as impertinent as an excess of gravity.—Hazlitt.